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Judge

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MAKING THE ROPE TO HANG HIMSELF.

Judge

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AS A FIGURE-HEAD Mr. Olney is of about as much use to his party as a gargoyle would be to a red barn.

* * *

THE DIETETIC FAD is reaching such proportions that we may shortly expect to hear that the cannibal king is demanding predigested missionary.

* * *

NO TABLET has yet been put upon the market that will enable any kind of cast-iron political stomach to digest prehistoric and pre-senile Uncle David, whose nomination would be simply peanuts for the Democracy.

* * *

THE SUMMER GIRL is back in town,
And wears that tint of reddish-brown
Which, shining on a slice of ham,
Makes all good epicures salaam.

* * *

THE MORE DISTANT the view of the white-house, the less enchantment is felt to the square inch by the worthy who may fancy he is in a saw-mill while dreamily listening to the droning of the bonnet-housed presidential bee.

* * *

THE TURK is a born and not a made murderer. The spirit of rapine is constitutional with him. Cutting the throats of helpless and inoffensive women and children seems to be a mere form of amusement to this bull-headed pachyderm. Out of his many crimes this infamous coward is slowly but surely twisting the rope which may yet swing him just high enough from the ground to make it impossible for him to kick any dust into the eyes of the spectators. It is to be hoped that he may be summarily called to account for his late depredations at Beirut, where he proved himself to be an assassin among assassins. He should not be exonerated on the ground that he is a fanatic. The sooner that every such fanatic be put out of the way, like a rattlesnake or a mad dog, the better it will be for society. He is a prime factor in rebellion and in carnage of every kind and description. To all his thousand crimes he does not link a virtue. He should perish, as he has caused others to perish, and his destruction should waken a shriek of joy which, like Emerson's shot, should be heard around the civilized world. And flowers should be omitted on general principles.

* * *

THERE ARE many men who are Americans, in name only, who regard the eagle as the bird of freedom—on paper. They belong to that class whose existence proves the fact that there are Americans and Americans. They are a horde of lawless creatures who have no respect for their native land or its traditions that are dear to all patriots. They are advocates of lynch law, trust evils, and all the kinds of corrupt methods known in the bright lexicon of crooked politics. They are thick-necked plug-uglies who are a Tammany unto themselves. They chuckle with ineffable glee at the American eagle in the gilded cage which they have made for him, and in which they may soon supply him with a diet calculated to make him sing the kind of song that is more than dear to their hearts. In other words, they would commercialize the time-honored bird and serve him on the toast of graft. It is not a pleasant picture to look upon, and the sooner the cage is smashed and the eagle set free to drift among the stars, and to shriek the glory of American liberty and American institutions, the sooner will the followers of Jefferson and Jackson perform a saraband of hilarity and joy, which should cause the cohorts of graft and corruption to disintegrate and scatter like so many drops of water on a red-hot stove. It is but just and proper that the dear old bird should be set free, and that the bribe-takers and political pickpockets should themselves be permanently caged.

SMALL CHANCES.

MR. KELLY—"It sez in this paper thot married people grow to look loike wan another."
MRS. KELLY—"Thin it's shmall chance Ol'd hov av gittin' another husband if ye should die, begobs!"

PEANUT POLITICS.

"YES, suh," said Colonel Bludgore; "we had a small taste o' this hyuh peanut politics down hyuh last campaign."

"You did?" asked the visitor

"Yes, suh. Thah was a bumptious upstaht from somewhah neah Cincinnati come down hyuh an' 'lowed he could run a lively campaign foh us."

"What did he do?"

"Called everybody 'colonel,' an' afteh he had made them all shell out he jumped the town, by gad, suh!"

THE GENTLE ART.

MRS. WALTON RODD—"A year ago to-day, dear—do you remember?—we were fishing, and I landed you."
MR. WALTON RODD—"Yes. Was I game?"
MRS. WALTON RODD—"You were, but I reeled you in."
MR. WALTON RODD—"You certainly did lead me a *dance*."

TOOK IT SERIOUSLY.

"WELL," said the highly humorous young man who was watching the fireworks, "I don't see how the old Romans ever got to bed by the aid of those Roman candles without calling out the fire-department."

Here Professor Sternmind, the eminent historian, turned upon him.

"From what we can ascertain by means of the records left by the elder Pliny and others," he observes, "we are forced to the conclusion that the ancient Romans never went to bed."

A SUPPOSITION.

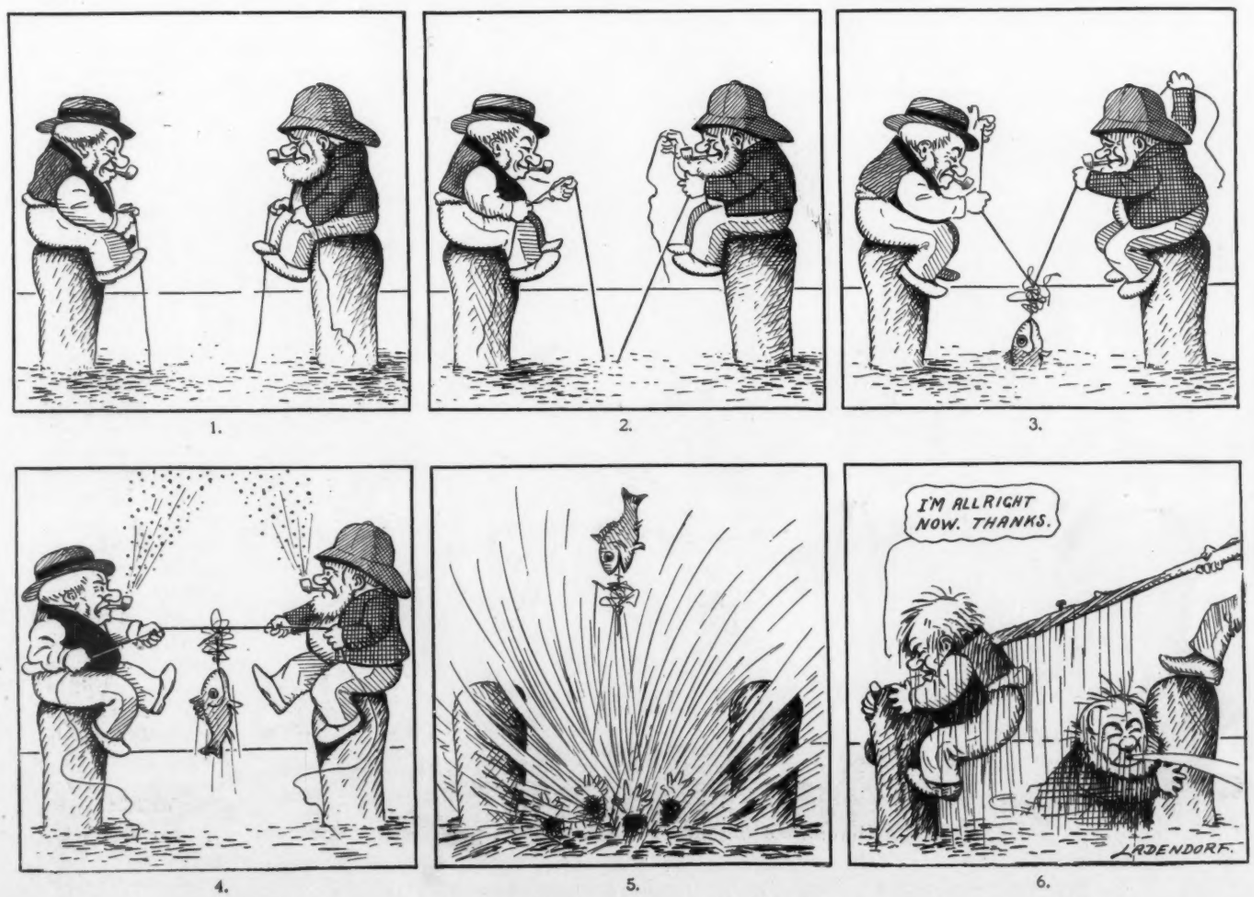
"BOOZER tells the best stories I ever heard—they are so spicy."

"H'm! I suppose the cloves he eats are responsible for that."

AMPLE REASON.

"WHY did they give Greenbaum a benefit last night?"

"It was the most successful year of his management."



1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6.

THE FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

THE ORIGIN OF PUMPKIN PIE.

ONCE upon a time—a long while ago, children—there lived a wise old man who was always trying to see what he could discover.

Having made several perpetual-motion machines and one or two air-ships, he was walking through the fields to avoid his creditors, when he came upon a pumpkin.

"This," he said to himself, bending down and feeling of the yellow orb, "is a vegetable growth; but I firmly believe that it acquires its hue from small particles of gold which it extracts from the earth."

So he put the pumpkin on his shoulder and took it home, telling all anxious inquirers that he was going to discover how to extract the gold from it.

At home, in spite of all his wife said, he cut the pumpkin up and put it in a pot and boiled it—only he argued that he was melting it.

When at last it was a pulpy mass, he poured it out of the pot and right on top of a pan of dough that his wife had rolled out for the purpose of making a dried-apple pie.

Now you know the kind of a wife he had, do you not? A woman who will feed her husband on dried-apple pie deserves to be married to two or three inventors, doesn't she?

And so, he put the pumpkin and the dough into the oven, asserting that he would harden it with the heat and produce a solid sheet of gold, and be so rich that he could run for office on a reform ticket.

But, bless you! when the pumpkin and the dough came out of the oven it was not a solid sheet of gold at all, but a rich, golden, tantalizing section of goodness.

And the poor inventor was hungry, so he bit into it.

A few moments later several of his creditors broke into the house and came upon him, crying, "Look here! Where is all that gold you were going to get for us?"

And he never even looked up at them, but kept right on eating, saying, "Who cares f'r gold? (Bite, bite. O-o-o-oh!) Who cares f'r gold? Men, I have discovered pumpkin pie!"

And the creditors sat down also and ate, and they, too, were happy ever after.

So now, when you eat pumpkin pie you should be glad that the poor inventor did not succeed in making gold of the pumpkin. For if he had the pumpkin might never have gone further than to fill your teeth.

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

PAULA MARR.

From curtain unto curtain
You are the finest thing,
The critics all are certain,
That's now upon the wing.

That's why from Quogue to Napa
The people shout and cheer,
Like those of Saccarappa,
Whenever you appear.

So flit upon your travels,
Oh, fairy frail and fair!
Your presence e'er unravels
The iron knots of care.

THE REAL THING.

"Have you any real aristocrats in this country?"
"Oh, yes. We have lots of poor people who boast of rich relations."

AN ELOQUENT OBJECTION.

MRS. NEWLYBLESSED—"But you certainly don't object to such a wee little baby as that?"
JANITOR—"Oh, it ain't the *size* as counts, mum—it's the *principle* uv the thing."

WHICH?

Boy—"Polly, want a cracker?"

Bird—"Fire, nut or Georgia?"

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THE GIRLS OF OUR TOWN.

THE RICHMOND GIRL.

The happy bard his golden praises heaps
Upon this girl whose beauty can't be sung,
So subtle is its quality that keeps
The old Dominion young.

A BUSINESS VIEW.

I THROW the airy lasso
Athwart the flitting steer,
And very swift I gayly lift
And hurl him on his ear.

As I lasso the bullock
That circles on the fly,
Next year in town I'll yank the brown
And yellow ki-yi-yi.

And I'll corral more money
To make existence sweet,
Which is the game that sets aflame
The dreams of Buckskin Pete.

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF FRENCH.

Georgie—"How much French do you understand, Freddie?"

Freddie—"'Nough to know 'at it means medicine or spankin' when father'n mother talk it."

WHEN HE MAILED IT.

MRS. JONES—"John, are you sure you mailed those letters I gave you last week, and also the one I gave you this morning?"

MR. JONES—"Yes. I found the other letters in my pocket when I mailed the one this morning."

A GENTLE HINT.

HE (*sadly*)—"There's many a good thing lost by not asking for it."

SHE—"Well, thank heaven! next year is leap-year."

First musician (discussing concert)—"Was Musiker's composition well executed?"

Second musician—"Yes; it was murdered."

A PERFECT DISGUISE.

"So Majah Peppah went to the masquerade-ball? Did he go disguised?"
"Perfectly. He went sober."

THE BIRD-DOG'S JOY.

I AM a happy bow-
Wow now,
And very much in clover.
No n ore I puff and pant
And rant—
The dog-days all are over.

Upon the rug I beam
And dream
Of birds that in the grove pipe,
While my gay fancies flow
Aglow
Like smoke-waves up the stovepipe.

THE MEAN THING!

Flossie—"Jack is a man after my own heart."

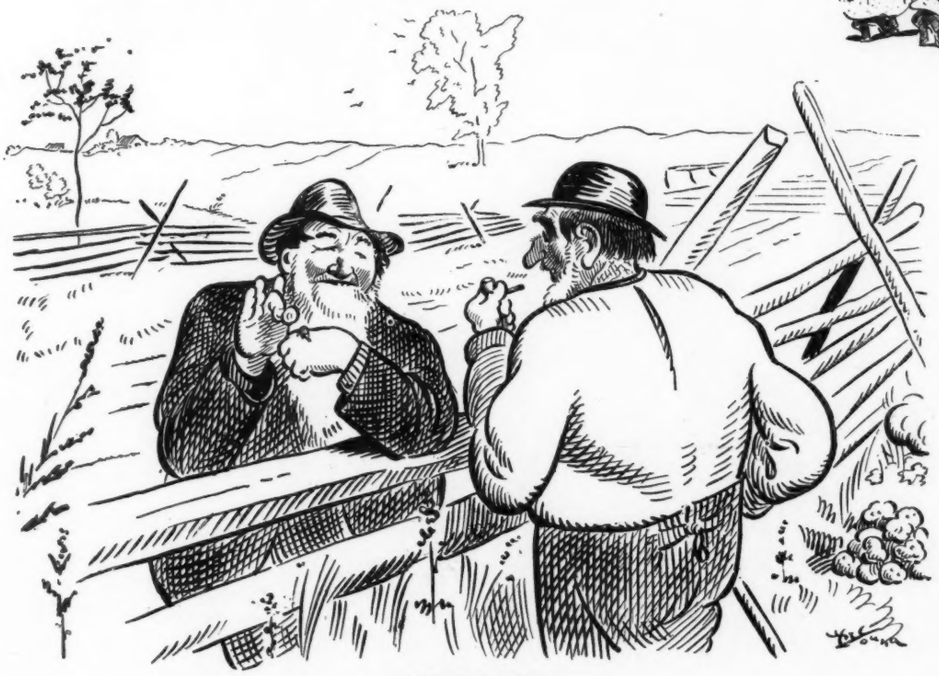
Marie (sweetly)—"You're sure it's not your own money that he's after?"

A QUERY.

MISS JACKSON—"Am yo' gwine to de masquerade-ball ter-night?"

MR. JOHNSON—"Yes; Ah's gwine as a 'walkin' delegate.'"

MISS JACKSON—"What am yo' gwine ter wear—stripes or diamonds?"



HIS PHILOSOPHY.

JOEL DIGGEM—"Do ye give yer summer boarders any delicacies?"

CYRUS BIGBEARD—"Not a durn one! If we did they'd begin thinkin' o' what a snap they had in their own homes an' light out quicker'n scat."

ANOTHER ODD THING.

"AND there is another strange thing I have observed," remarked the aged philosopher, stroking his long white beard.

"There is?" asked the interested listener. "What is it?"

"That the coming man is always one who has got there."

"MY DISCOURSE next sabbath," said the erudite preacher, "shall be upon recognition in heaven—a subject which I have studied in Greek, in Latin, in Hebrew, and"—with a gesture impressively casual—"*perhaps* in several other languages."

MYSTRESSE DOLLYE.

(Being ye meditatyones whych fyll ye hearte of a gallant youth duryng ye servyce in ye churche.)

'TIS Mystresse Dollye, fayre and sweete,
Who comes ye churche wythinne,
Wyth satynne slyppers on her feete
And ribands at her chinne.
Ye rustle of her skirts is soft,
And suites thys place soe dim—
In sooth, her whysp'ring garmentes waft
Ye cadence of a hymn.

'Tis Mystresse Dollye—soche a syghte
As raptured poets syng.
Her browe is as ye lilyes whyte
Whych come to gladde ye sprynge;
Her cheekes are redde as anie rose
Whych gleameth in ye sunne.
If carolles lyve, thenne I suppose
Thys gentylle mayde is one.

Tis Mystresse Dollye! Sayntlie grace
Attendes her to her pewe.
Ye synginge folke stand uppe in place
And synge ye anthem thro'.
"I love my naybor as myselfe"—
Soe chaunteth Mystresse Doll.
Thys Cupid is a knowinge elfe—
I lyve nexte doore—that's alle!

W. D. NESBIT.

ICED TEE.

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THE BIRD IN THE
AND HIS J

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg Co. New York

THE GILDED CAGE
HIS JAILERS.

THE BOTANIST'S MISTAKE.

1. PROFESSOR OLDBOY—"Aha! a four-leaf clover. They say it is an emblem of luck. What fate! There is no such thing as——

IN THE FASHION.

HE never tried to ape the fad,
And yet, to fashion bending,
His socks were open-worked. Egad!
His wife would do no mending.

IN REALTY CIRCLES.

Mr. Fresh—"Miss Brownestonne, if I asked you for a thirty-day option on your hand what would you say?"

Miss Brownestonne—"I'd give you the refusal of it."

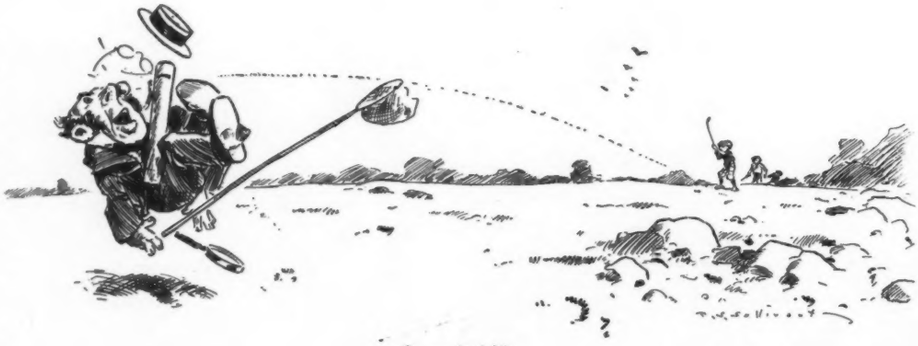
"MISS STARRY is going to head her own company."

"Who's going to foot it?"

THE COLOR-SECTION.

"I WILL make up my form," tittered the daughter of the journalist, "before going to press." Here she took up her box of rouge. "Let me see," she mused; "this is Sunday. If I mistake not, the young man who calls will institute a questions-and-answers department when he sees this fashion-sheet, so I may as well lay out the color plan for the Sunday supplement."

Otherwise she might have looked like a scare-head.



2. ——luck!"

A BRIGHT NIGHT.

NOW, whenne ye severalle knyghtes of ye rounde-table were gathered together, as was theyre customme, to cracke merrie jokes and sing jollie songes, there was one of them, whose name was Sir Burbonne, and he didde talke with an amazinge wittienesse.

Nor colde anie one saye aniethynge but whatte he wolde come ryghte back atte hymme wyth a replye ye whych was even funnyer than whatte had been sayde.

Soe thatte all ye table didde laugh heartilie.

Excepte thatte there were one or two who didde seeme to have a grouche. And whenne some one sayde unto these one or two,

"Is not Sir Burbonne brylliante—is he notte a bryghte knyghte?"

They made replye, surlilie,

"Of a truth, he sholde be a bryghte knyghte, seeing thatte he is fulle of moonshyne."

THE BETTER WAY.

ANGELINE MURPHY—"Hold on, dere, Jimmy Kelly! Yer needn't read me no more items out'n dat newspaper 'bout soda-fountains explodin' an manglin' de customers, an' girls gittin' poisoned by ptomaines in ice-cream. If yer dead broke jest say so, like a man, an' I'll t'ink jest as much uv yer."

THE FOO-CHANG TRAGEDY.

"I'm going," cried Chang,
"Way up to the moon,
To see if a man lives there!"
So out of a bubble
He made a balloon,
And floated away through the air.

But ere he had gone
Very far on his way,
The bubble exploded—ker bang!
And so 'tis my sorrowful
Duty to say
That that was the end of Foo-Chang.

MORAL:

In framing your maxims
Let this one prevail:
Who counts upon bubbles
Is certain to fail.
—*Four-Track News.*

UNRIVALED APPETIZING TONIC.
Dr. Siegert's world-renowned Angostura Bitters. Awards at twenty-two Expositions. Refuse imitations.

Purchaser—"But you said it was an extra."

Howling newsboy—"Well, 'tis. Dey give me one more dan I paid fur by mistake."—*Chicago News.*

Don't despair. Ill health flees when Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, are used.

Preacher—"Have you seriously considered the great question of life, Mary?"

Girl parishioner—"None of the young men has asked me as yet, sir."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

When your barber talks "Shampoo" specify

Packer's Tar Soap

Pure as the Pines

Antiseptic—Invigorating

The Standard for the Hair

The Packer Mfg. Co., New York.

"What wuz th' sermon about, Samanthy?" asked old man Meddergrass on his wife's return from church.

"Sumthin' about a feller by th' name of Joseph sellin' corn down tew Egypt," answered the good woman.

"An' did th' parson say what corn wuz sellin' fer down thar?" asked the old man, who was interested in the market reports.—*Chicago News.*

You don't have to be a connoisseur to see that

Evans' Ale

is the best in the world. The proof is in every bottle.

Bohr—"This weather is getting to be monotonous, isn't it?"

Krabbid—"Not nearly so monotonous as all the talk about it."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

Mrs. Dixon—"I was so shocked to hear of your husband's death! I came to console with you on your great loss."

Mrs. Weeds (absently)—"Yes; but it was fully covered by insurance."—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"Oh, you needn't talk," said the indignant wife. "What would you be to-day if it were not for my money? Answer that, will you?"

"That's an easy one," replied the heartless wretch. "I'd be a bachelor."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

A gay picnic cannot be held without a few bottles of Cook's Champagne, *Imperial Extra Dry.* It is sparkling and delicious.

"Did your son specialize along any particular line?" somebody asked of the college graduate's proud mother.

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "I heard one of his friends say that he made a great record for himself on the rush-line the last two years he was in college."—*Syracuse Herald.*

CUBS' FOOD.

THEY THRIVE ON GRAPE-NUTS.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well nourished baby that is fed on Grape-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food Grape-Nuts and get well.

"My little baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed it had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tablespoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it to baby every two hours.

"In this simple, easy way I saved baby's life and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups, as we have discovered in our family." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman.

Grape-Nuts food stands for the true theory of health.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Assessor—"I'll put you down as a retired farmer."

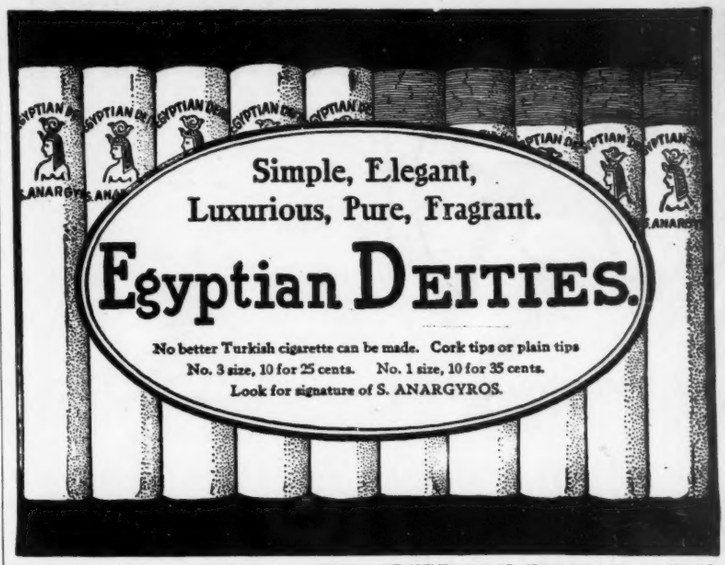
Quitwork—"Yes; an' darn tired of everything."—*Pittsburg Gazette.*

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building, 5th Ave., cor 22d St.

Only salesroom in Greater New York.



Mrs. Crimsonbeak (at the ball-game)—"What does it mean, John, when a man at the bat throws the bat down and retires to the bench?"

Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Why, it means the same as when a woman leaves the room and slams the door after her."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Fuddy—"You say you have a very tender conscience. I notice it is wonderfully sensitive to the faults of others; but it never appears to be troubled by your own shortcomings."

Duddy—"No, I hope not. That would be egotistical, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

BE FAIR TO YOUR FACE

and your face will be fair.

Can you afford to be less careful about the soap you put on your face, than about the food you eat?

Think what one mistake may cost you.

There's only one *safe* way.

When shaved by barbers insist that they use the Old Reliable Williams' Shaving Soap; accept no substitute from dealers, if you shave yourself.

Sold in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, etc., throughout the world.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

LONDON PARIS BERLIN SYDNEY

IF IN HASTE TAKE THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

The Thorough Ageing of

Hunter Baltimore Rye

Fructifies and Purifies
Its Superb Qualities.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

The WHITE ROCK high ball
has a smack of its own

De good book say dat de meek shill inherit de airth, en dey may inherit it, but de Lawd knows dey don't get it.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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Fun for the Millions

JUDGE'S LIBRARY MAGAZINE
Ten Cents a Copy

SIS HOPKINS' OWN BOOK
Ten Cents a Copy

JUDGE'S QUARTERLY
Twenty-five Cents a Copy

JOEL JARVIS JONES' JAY JOKES
Ten Cents a Copy

Any of the above by mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address JUDGE, New York

Patsy—"Mom, won't yer gimme me candy, now?"

Mrs. Casey—"Didn't Oi tell ye Oi wouldn't give ye anny at all if ye didn't kape still?"

Patsy—"Yes'm; but"——

Mrs. Casey—"Well, the longer ye kape still the sooner ye'll get it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

A bad stomach means poor health. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, restore health.

"John," said the young wife who prides herself on being sensible right up to the limit, "just notice how easy-fitting my new shoes are."

"Yes, I see," answered John.

"And John," she continued, "do you know why I always get my shoes so large?"

"Oh," replied the ungallant other half of the sketch, "I suppose it's because you have such big feet."—*Chicago News.*

Kwoter—"Oh, there are quite as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, you know."

Newitt—"Better. Just think of the enormous ones that just managed to get away from all the anglers."—*Philadelphia Press.*

LOOK FOR THE NAME
CARL H. SCHULTZ

THE NAME CARL H. SCHULTZ ON ALL MINERAL WATERS IS A GUARANTEE OF ABSOLUTE PURITY

Gentleman—"You can't work on account of paralysis!. Nonsense, you look as strong as I do."

Tramp—"Well, ye see, boss, it's paralysis of de will dat I'm troubled wit'."—*Town and Country.*

SURBRUG'S
Arcadia
MIXTURE.

"When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia." *J. M. Barrie.*

Dr. Price-Price—"I can't make anything out of that case."

His wife—"What?"

Dr. Price-Price—"Oh, don't be foolish. I mean I don't understand it. Of course I'm making money out of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

EASY MONEY For Barbers, Cigar or Newsdealers, and responsible hustlers
Address Chas. Johnson, P.O.B. 897, Chicago

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

KEPT HIM BUSY.

SHE—"Yes, he's very rich, but, having no occupation, I should think he'd find it hard to pass the time."

HE—"Not a bit. He's collecting cigarette coupons for a silver-mounted all-silk umbrella."

I. W. Harper Rye.

"On Every Tongue."

Crystal drops from golden grain; pure and mellow, rich and fragrant; the ideal stimulant and tonic for universal use. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

BERNHEIM DISTILLING CO., - - Louisville, Ky.

IF IT'S
Red Top Rye
IT'S RIGHT

OPTIMO
BEST OF THE BEST
CLEAR HAVANA CIGARS
40 Sizes, 10c. to 50c. each.
A. SANTAELLA & CO., Makers, TAMPA, Fla.
Sold by First Class Dealers Everywhere.

THE HOGGSON TIME STAMPS print the year, month, day, hour and minute on telegrams, letters, important papers and records, showing exact time when received, signed, sent, filed, etc.
Correctly times every act, operation and transaction. The ideal machine for office and factory. Saves disputes and answers that most vexatious question,
WHAT TIME WAS IT?
Endorsed by Governments, Banks and Corporations. Guaranteed satisfactory or your money back.
Send for Catalogue No. 2. Price $15.00.
267-9 West 17th Street, New York.

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Phrenologist—"Here is a man out of his proper sphere. His head betokens high intellectual and spiritual qualities, yet he is spending his time behind a grocer's counter. Sir (to the grocer), I wish to ask you a question. Have you any aspirations"——

Grocer (calling to clerk)—"John, have we any aspirations?"

Clerk—"All out, sir. Have some in the last of the week."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Clerk—"I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?"

Employer—"Couldn't, really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy; I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away."—*New York Weekly.*

"Have you started on that job of work?"

"No, suh," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "I specks I might as well put it off till nex' week."

"Why, this is only Monday."

"I knows it; but de mawnin 's half gone, an' den it's only a few days till Friday, an' dat's bad luck, an' I dasn' work on Sunday, so I reckons I better wait till I kin git a clean staht."—*Washington Star.*

"You're forever trying to give the impression that you're a martyr," snapped Mrs. Henpeck. "I suppose you want everybody to think that you suffer in silence."

"No," replied Mr. Henpeck, "I suffer in the perpetual absence of silence. A little silence would be a positive pleasure to me."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"I reckon," said Farmer Corntossel, "that all these folks that try to make jokes about farmers is more or less jealous."

"Jealous?"

"Yes, sir. Look at the boys that go from the country and make fortunes in the city. And then look at the city folks who come to the country and make a failure of farming."—*Washington Star.*

Uncle 'Rastus—"De fall ob man dates from a apple—jes' a pore, mis'able apple."

Brother Watkins—"Ya-as; ef it had 'a' been a watahmillion dey might had been some excuse foh it."—*Philadelphia Record.*

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

"Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
And lay incessant battery to her heart."
—SPENCER.

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He—"Come, now; don't try to beat her at her own game'."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

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An instructor in English history was questioning a body of students and asked the following:

"Who was the greatest Englishman at the time of Napoleon?"

The question was answered in a most unexpected manner by a street-organ which at that moment began to play the popular air, "Mr. Dooley."—*New York Times.*

"Wasn't the execution of the man who stole horses a trifle irregular?" inquired the tenderfoot.

"It was jes' as reg'lar as we could make it," answered Bronco Bob stoutly. "Course, we didn't have no judge or jury handy. But we captured the feller on Wednesday an' put off the hangin' till Friday, so's to have it accordin' to custom."—*Washington Star.*

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Tinkle—"Oh, yes, the west is wide-awake and full of vim; but still, western men are not what they once were."

Wrinkle—"No? And what were they once?"

Tinkle—"Boys."—*Kansas City Journal.*

"Oh, my!" murmured the fall overcoat, stirring uneasily in the clothes-chest, "I certainly did have a good nap."

"Which you ain't got it now," snickered the fat moth sitting on a camphor ball near by, "'cause I ate most of it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

The fortune-teller examined the lines in the young man's palm.

"You have a past that you seek to hide," she said, "and a future that you do not wish to know."

"Witch that you are!" he exclaimed. "How do you know that?"

"Because you have tried to fool me by changing the lines of your hand with a lead-pencil, or something," she said with a mocking laugh.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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"About eleven o'clock, papa."

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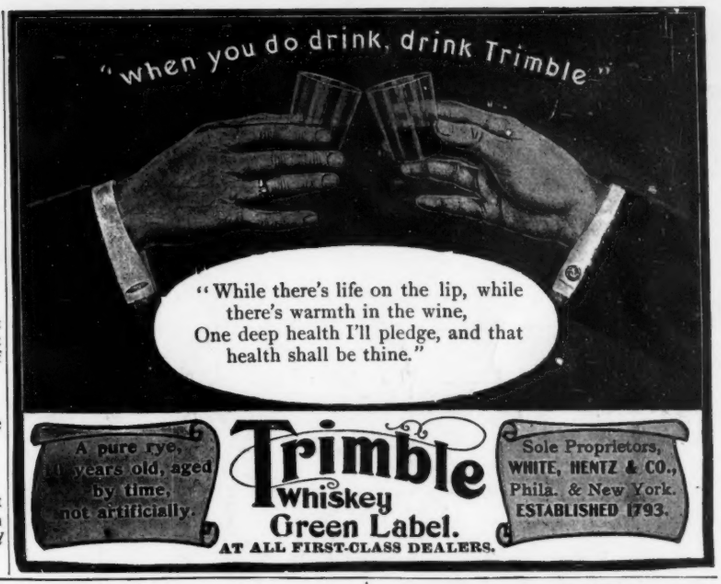

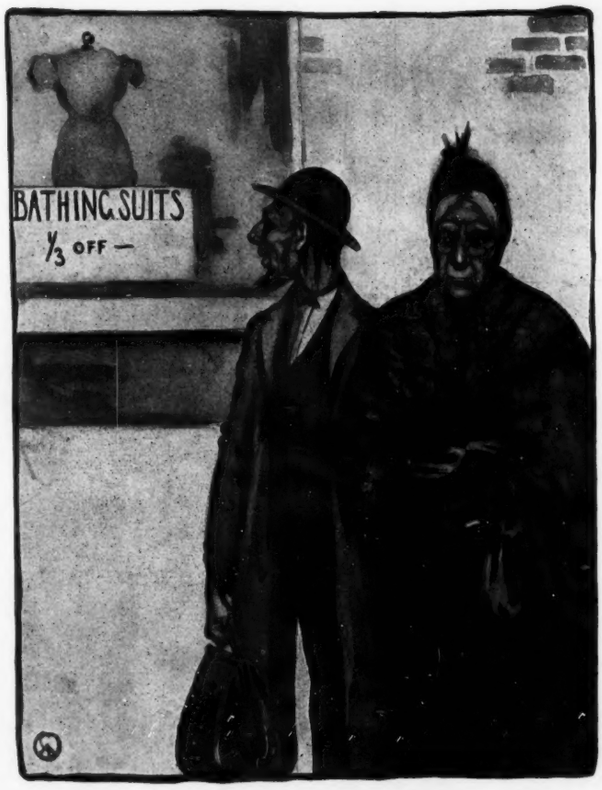

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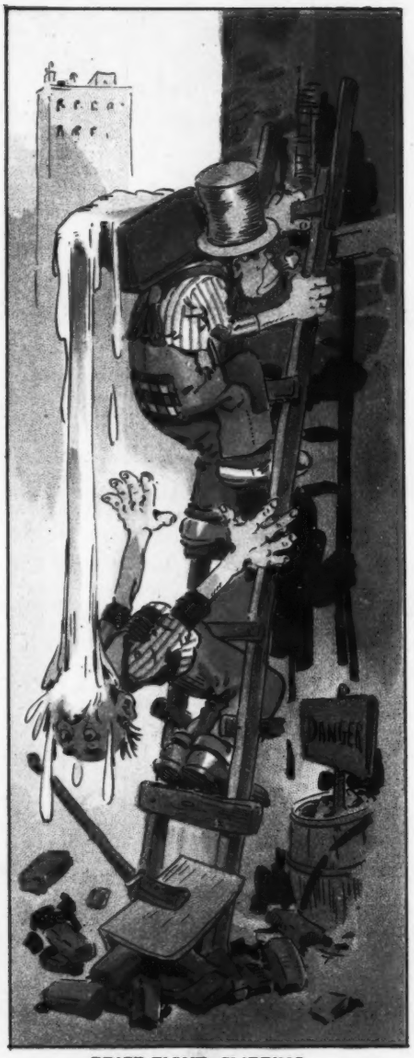
SICK MAN—"Yes; and a peach of a time I'll have explaining to her all I've done for the past ten years!"



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